

for dinner near the old "Proven flying field" (28/F 13 a.9.9.) and the 2d Battalion halted just north of Watou. Our guide from the advance party which we sent ahead to Proven to arrange for our billeting met each Battalion and the Train and guided them to their respective billets.

Major DePaula and Captain Hillyer, who had received orders to accompany us to our new camp and then rejoin their command, left us after dinner. These British officers (10) who have been attached to us for the last month have been delightful companions and of a great deal of assistance to me in our general training. They have also been very willing to give our officers all information possible and did not seem to mind the steady stream of questions we asked them. We have been able to obtain a large fund of information relating to the British method of carrying on the war.

Our central camp is located at Strathcona Farm (27/F 13 d.7.4). The Regimental Headquarters office is in a corrugated iron oval hut and I live in a small wooden shack. It is quite a change from the "Red Chateau." Headquarters Company is billeted in a barn on the adjoining farm and the 1st Battalion and Engineer Train on the Strathcona Farm, some in the barn but most of them in their shelter tents scattered around the edges of the farm under the hedges and trees. The 2d Battalion was billeted for the night in huts in Couthove Camp on both sides of the main Proven-Poperinghe Road (27/F 14 d.3.4). Colonel Ferguson made the trip in his automobile and part of the time I was with him, inspecting the column and correcting mistakes and errors in "march discipline." As a whole the men marched very well and did not violate any of the road regulations. I rode my horse part of the time, but walked considerable of the way. I find that walking still appeals to me more than riding a horse that is not in any sense a saddle horse. Watou is a Belgian town of about 3,750 population, and is on the France-Belgium line. The frontier line is on the edge of the town and a custom post is located on the road we were marching on. The custom officer did not bother us any this time. In fact we have traveled across England, France, and into Belgium without any realization that there was anything like a custom officer around, or a custom system in operation.

We have moved into the celebrated Ypres sector which has seen more fighting during the past four years than any other sector on